The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 38. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 17, 1891. PRICE, 3 CENTS

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

PHILADELPHIA.

OUR OPENING DAYS

In Seasonable Dry Goods for the Autumn of 1891

are causing widespread interest, and day after day our immense salesrooms are thronged with visitors, inspecting the many beautiful things of use and beauty, that have been gathered by our own representatives—from all parts of the world.

To all within reach of our city, we extend a cordial invitation to visit this great exhibition of Art and Industry. To those, who for any reason are prevented from calling in person, we would suggest that our efficient

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

serves the shopper by mail with the same careful attention that is accorded to those who buy at the counters.

☞ Send for samples of whatever material you require.

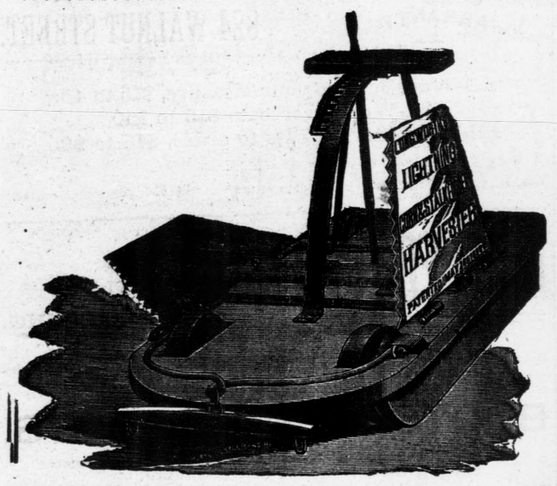
We issue department Catalogues, which will be sent to any address upon application, *free of charge.*

Strawbridge & Clothier,

Market St., Eighth St., Filbert St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

CORN HARVESTER.



THE ABOVE is a cut of the Corn Harvester which has been on exhibition at Davis Bros.' Warehouse for the past two weeks. Upon a trial being given yesterday it proved a thorough success. They are now for sale by

DAVIS BROS.,

South Broad Street, Middletown, Del.

N. B.—We have just received fifty Road Carts which we will offer at a greatly reduced price. Call and see them.

Farmers, Look to Your Interest.

PARVIS & WILLIAMS Co.

TRADE MARK

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

Delaware Wheat Grower,
Soluble Bone and Potash
Delaware Soluble Bone.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST FERTILIZER IN THE MARKET.

These goods guaranteed to be in good drilling condition.

ALSO, DEALERS IN FERTILIZER MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS.

Parvis & Williams Company,

julyl5-tf **Middletown, Delaware.**

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS. DIAMOND BRAND.

PENNYROYAL ✻ PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. *Refuse Substitutions and Imitations.* All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. *Name Paper.* CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

Miscellaneous Adv's.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.— *Latest U. S. Government Food Report.*

Special Announcement.

Hardware, Cutlery, &c.

I HAVE a full and complete line of Hardware and Cutlery, and shall at all times aim to keep my stock complete.

Ranges, Stoves, &c.

☞ The Gauze Door Range in which I am making a drive is a complete stove. Baking bread in it will not mold and meats cooked are rich and juicy. Call and see the above named stove.

Coal Hods, Shovels, &c.

☞ Coal Hods, shovels, Pokers, Zinc, Stove Boards, Pipe Elbows, Dampers, Collars, and a large stock of all kinds kept in a first-class hardware, stove and tin store.

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☞ Roofing, spouting and all kinds of tin and iron work, and repairing of heaters, cook and coal stoves at short notice. Repairs furnished for any stove made, of which I give special and prompt attention.

Paints, Varnishes, &c.

☞ Ready-mixed Paints in any quantity, Walnut, Cherry, Mahogany and Maple oil stain, Varnishes—Coach, Furniture and Finishing in any quantity.

Lamps, Agate-ware, &c.

☞ I make a specialty in lamps, lamp goods, agate-ware, japanned tinware and pressed ware. ☜

☞ Any article in tinware that I have not in stock I am always prepared to make at short notice; I also give prompt attention to repairing in Tinware.

I extend an invitation to the public, my friends and patrons to call and examine my stock and prices.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

Hoping for a liberal share of your patronage, I am most respectfully,

W. S. LETHERBURY,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

1891. 1891.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Steamer Clio

Captain E. S. Brooks,

— WILL LEAVE —

Odessa for Philadelphia,

— AND RETURN FROM —

Pier 9, North Wharves,

As per time table.

ODESSA.	SEPTEMBER.	PHILA.
	Tuesday, 1, 2 p m	
Wednesday, 2, 7 p m	Thursday, 3, 3½ pm	
Friday, 4, 1½ p m	Saturday, 5, 4½ p m	
Friday, 4th, Corbit's Landing, 7 p m		
Monday, 7, 3 p m	Tuesday, 8, 6½ p m	
Monday, 7th, Corbit's Landing, 8 p m		
Wednesday, 9, 12 m	Thursday, 10, 8 p m	
Friday, 11, 1 p m	Saturday, 12, 10½ a m	
Monday, 14, 5 p m	Tuesday, 15, 1 p m	
Wednesday, 16, 6½ p m	Thursday, 17, 3 p m	
Friday, 18, 7½ p m	Saturday, 19, 4 p m	
Monday, 21, 11 a m	Tuesday, 22, 7½ p m	
Thursday, 24, 1 p m	Friday, 25, 11 a m	
Monday, 28 5 p m	Tuesday, 29, 2 p m	

GRAIN, FRUIT and STOCK

Freighted at Reasonable Rates.

Attention given to the careful handling and prompt delivery of all consignments.

For information in regard to freight rates apply to F. B. WATKINS, adr23-tf ODESSA, DEL.

CAPITAL, - - $500,000.00.
SURPLUS, - - $60,000.00.

Security Trust and Safe Deposit Company,

519 MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, DEL.

MONEY UNEMPLOYED or waiting investment can be made to earn you interest if deposited with this company.

INTEREST PAID on deposits of money as follows: 2 per cent on deposits payable on demand, by check, same as banks; 2½ per cent on deposits payable after 10 days' notice; 3 per cent on deposits payable after 30 days' notice. Special rates for large sums to remain for a year or longer.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the accounts of Ladies also to those of Executors, Administrators, Trustees, Guardians and Receivers.

The Company acts by authority of law as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver and Agent, and executes trusts of every description.

Correspondence solicited and full information furnished concerning any branch of the Company's business. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for pamphlet.

BENJ. NIELDS, President. JAS. B. CLARKSON, Treas. & Sec.
H. C. ROBINSON, Vice President. JNO. S. ROSSELL, Trust Officer.

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Benjamin Nields, Henry C. Robinson, Phillip Plunkett, James A. Hart, Henry F. Dure, Wm. P. Bancroit. Wm. J. McClary, Jos. H. Chandler, M D, J. Davis Sisler, William M. Field, Charles E. Fritz, Archibald A. Capelle, Wm. R. Brinckle, Samuel G. Simmons, may1-1y

FOR RENT.

THE STORE-ROOM,

No. 4 Cochran Block.

THE HALL,

lately occupied by the I. O. O. F., on third floor of No. 2 store.

The 3-Story Brick House

adjoining the Citizen's National Bank.

Apply to E. R. COCHRAN or S. M. REYNOLDS & Co.

feb26-tf

"THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

I hold it truth, the truest joy
That may on earth be had
Arises from the sweet employ
Of making others glad.

If there be selfishness in this,
It hoards no secret pelf,
But welcomes still to share its bliss
Another as itself.

Its dearest treasures it would give,
Nor stay to count the cost;
If others on its bounty live,
Then nothing it has lost.

This love is lavished—never sold;
Its honor knows no stain;
There is no canker on its gold—
No mildew on its grain.

Be mine the happiness to know,
If rich, how blest is he,
Whom God Himself has honored so,
His almoner to be.

But, if it be the Master's will
That I should daily fare
Through narrow ways, a toiler still
For all I eat and wear.

Then, be it mine with grateful heart
Such blessing to receive
As I would willingly impart
Another to receive.

—T. H. Hill, in Raleigh News and Observer.

THE BIG JIGTOWN FAILURE.

IT would be difficult to imagine a more depressing place than Jigtown in May, except for one who had seen Jigtown in April. The spring there had a peculiar effect of deferred hope. Obdurate patches of grimy snow lay along the fences, with outliers here and there into the stony fields. The winter road-bed of impacted ice, furrowed with miniature brooks, seemed as likely as not to last till it formed a "bottom" for the next season's sleighing. The shapes and attitudes of the few straggling trees suggested a struggle for an existence hardly worth struggling for. They had the dejected air of aborgines nearly civilized out of existence. Turn whichever way you might, it invariably seemed up hill and into increased chilliness. It is true, Jigtown enjoyed a certain reputation among scientific circles as the "centre of an elevated plateau," and had been the subject of acrimonious personal controversy, one learned gentleman having eloquently described it as "that peculiarly interesting locality, that great Silurian island round which the billows of the Devonian ocean had rehearsed their ancient song of chaos," and another openly deriding it as "a modern refuse-heap, simply the dumping-ground for all that was worn out and worthless in the great continental glacier."

But to ordinary people, whose imaginations do not habitually carry them back to *x* millions of years, B. C., it was only a collection of shabby wooden houses on a bleak hill-side, most of them unpainted and representing the second growth which 30 years ago had succeeded the log cabins of the settlers. Two white wooden boxes with high windows were apparently meant for churches; and one, distinguished by slightly greater size and shabbiness, was evidently the tavern. There was a blacksmith's and a cooper's shop, a "general-purpose" store, and near the brow of the hill a narrow two-story building announced itself on a faded sign to be a "drug-store." In the window of this, two glass vases filled with a bright-red liquid gave the only bit of color to the cheerless scene. Nearly opposite was a lower house, with a newer sign — "Miss Bloom, Milliner." This had a neat fence in front, and a general air of smartness, as befitted the temple of Fashion.

On a chilly morning in the early part of May the owner of the drug-store was standing in front of his door in a downcast and irresolute attitude. He was a sandy-haired, light colored, thin man of thirty-five, of that undecided appearance which gives little intimation of age or character. He walked slowly back and forth on the narrow porch in front of the store a few moments, and then moved more quickly across the street and entered the low house opposite. The jingling of a bell attached to the door gave notice of his approach and summoned Miss Bloom from the inner fane of the temple of Fashion, where the sacred mysteries of her craft were hidden from the public gaze. She was a short, plump young woman with dark hair, not exactly pretty, but with that wholesome, helpful look in her face which the eye finds it pleasant to rest on.

"Well, Norman?" said the girl, with cheerful interrogation, looking steadily into his downcast countenance.

"It's no use," said the man. "I was out all day, and I only got forty-seven dollars. I didn't get back till nine o'clock, or I would have told you last night."

"Well, that's quite a beginning. Tell me all about it."

"Some of 'em was mad at being asked, and they said they guessed they was good for a little drug-bill, but didn't pay me a cent. Some of 'em hadn't sold their butter 'cause this oleo-margarine is making it so slow. The widder Brown was the only one that paid me in full, 'n' she gave me my dinner besides, 'n' I guess she is the poorest one in the lot. She had the $4.33 all ready by itself in a drawer, and said that was the last debt her husband owed. I might have got a yearling calf over to Bronson's, but Harbert & Froud won't take a yearling calf for their pay. They say they must have the money, and the whole of it; and I don't see any way how I can raise it. They will have to come up and take the store. I'll go out to Middletown to-morrow; but it's no use for me to try to raise $608 dollars. I don't believe there is as much money as that in all the township. I wrote 'em last night after I got back, and gave the letter to Silas Van Duser to take to town this morning. I told them that I had committed an act of bankruptcy, and must make an assignment, unless they would give me time. But what is the use? I don't see how time can make it any better. I'm a failure; and I'd better fail."

This long speech was delivered in a monotonous, resigned tone, as if it had been learned by heart. Indeed, the limited intellect of the man had dwelt on the subject so long that its action had become mechanical, and the recital of his troubles flowed from him with as little spontaneity, and with much the same dull suggestion of pain, as the opening of "Paradise Lost" from a school-boy. Miss Bloom could not but help recognize the hopelessness of the man before her. But she tried to answer cheerfully:

"We can't tell what time may do, Norman."

Do what she could, the brave little woman could not keep the tears out of her eyes. Sympathetically she looked at the world through the man's eyes, and it seemed hard, forlorn, joyless. The little fabric of their lives seemed about to be crushed in a pitiless necessity. She raised her face with tearful eyes and put her hands instinctively on the young man's shoulders.

"I don't feel as if I had any right to kiss you, Carry, said he.

"I gave you the right when I promised to marry you; but you are the best judge of that. Men have wanted to kiss me when they hadn't any right," said she, drawing away from him with a touch of resentment.

Even poor Norman Downer, broken in spirit as he was, could not resist this.

Then she whispered tremulously, "I've got sixty dollars, Norman, that you can have to help make up what you want."

She moved as if to go into the other room, but the druggist stopped her with more decision of manner than could have been expected in him.

"No, no; I cannot take money from you—least of all to pay my debts. You are the very one that I could not take it from. Besides, all your money!—oh, no! not if you had a thousand dollars clear." He shook his head with a vigor that seemed to transform him.

"Why, Norman," said the girl, "who could you take it from rather than from me? I shan't want it before next winter, and I wish you would take it."

"You've got yourself and your mother to take care of, and I will never be a burden on a woman. You have done me a mighty sight of good by offering it—more'n a hundred dollars' worth. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll go out west and find something to do."

He was so evidently in earnest that the girl did not attempt to renew her offer, and Downer, again saying that he would go to Middletown next day and collect what he could, crossed the street with a much firmer tread than before, and entered his store to wait for such customers as chance might send him.

Silas Van Duser's idea of an "early start" was so primitive that he drove out of Jigtown at three o'clock in the morning, and thus it happened that Norman Downer's letter to his New York creditors was posted in the county town at eight, and at four o'clock of the same afternoon formed one of a neatly tied package on the desk of Mr. William Froud, managing partner of the great wholesale drug house of Herbert and Froud, to which the debt which had caused so much uneasiness in Jigtown was due. He read them rapidly and laid them in separate boxes, with a few penciled words on the back of each. When he came to the one in which Downer with needless frankness confessed his utter inability to pay his bill, he frowned slightly. "'Act of bankruptcy'! What does the fool mean by that? This letter is enough to jug him. He called sharply to the office-boy in the outer-room, "Robert, tell Mr. Blood that I wish to see him at once;" then to the book-keeper, "Make out N. Downer's bill as quickly as you can, and charge the amount over to profit and loss."

The man sent for came running up the stairs from the basement, where he had been checking off an invoice of bottles. He hastily brushed some straws from his sleeve and, on entering the room, assumed at once an air of alert attention tempered with respect.

"Henry," said the manager, "that rascal Downer is trying to beat us out of his bill. You will have to go to Jigtown and get what you can out of the wreck, if it isn't more than enough to pay travelling-expenses. You musn't let the rest of the creditors get ahead of us, if we are not too late already. You can take the six o'clock express, and reach the county town to-night in time to find out whether any assignment has been filed, and be on hand with an attachment early to-morrow morning. Nab everything there is in sight. I'll go right down to the lawyer's office and swear to the papers and have them sent to you at the Barclay street station. Get what money you want from John, and have him telephone to 41 Wall that Ill be there in ten minutes, and one of the firm must be in the office."

Saying this, the manager jumped up, caught his hat, and walked briskly down the store, putting on his overcoat as he went. In a few moments he was rolling down town on the elevated road; and two hours later, Blood, seated in a railroad car just moving out of Jersey City, was endeavoring to read a paper courteously addressed to "any constable or sheriff of the state of New York, greeting," and containing, in a vast labyrinth of verbiage, a peremptory command that "ye take, hold and possess all the goods, chattels, credits, choses in action, of every kind, nature, name, sort, or description whatsoever, now being in the possession of or in any way pertaining or belonging to the said Norman Downer, the above named defendant."

The clerk of Summit county was much surprised by a call at eleven o'clock that night from an impetuous little man with a full black beard and bright black eyes, who wished to know whether Norman Downer had filed an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. The clerk assured him that no official claim had been entered, and that the attachment he now received would be the first lien, and should go on file at the opening of the office in the morning, and bowed him out with the impression that a great commercial crisis must be impending.

"Now," said Blood to himself, as he walked back to the livery-stable near the station, "if that beat hasn't removed the goods, and if there is no one else already in possession, I ought to be able to light on enough to make fifty per cent. and expenses, anyway. Must be a good six hours' drive over there; and I may as well start now as later."

Some little delay was caused by the caution of the stable-keeper, who was so much astounded by the receipt of ten dollars in advance and by the energy of the New Yorker's manner, and so unable to conjecture why any sane man should insist on driving to Jigtown in the middle of the night, that he suspected his customer of being a bank-robber fleeing from justice. He sent for an athletic young giant who acted as driver for him on occasions when there was a likelihood of a personal encounter with a passenger, and, when he came, cautioned him:

"You've got to drive the blacks over to Jigtown to-night, and you want to look out for that feller. He might knock you on the head and run off with the team."

"I kin handle him," said the man, with calm confidence, after a careful survey of Blood's figure, which the other illuminated by the feeble rays of the stable-lantern.

"He's quicker'n a cat in his motions," said the livery-keeper nervously; "'n' mebbe he's science. Don't you run the team, whatever he says; 'n' keep your eye peeled for him."

"Let him be science if he wants to," said the son of Anak contemptuously.

"Come, driver," sang out Henry, "if we are going to get there, we must start."

They drove out of the barn, carefully watched by those that remained, as is the habit with the hangers-on of a livery-stable, who regard every start with as much interest as if it were the trailtrip of an experimental vehicle drawn by newly-domesticated animals. Blood, with the experience of a veteran traveller, appropriated the larger part of the robe, and made himself as comfortable as possible on his side of the seat. The driver sat with his neck slightly forward and the muscles of his shoulder in a state of tension, ready for a fierce grapple with his suspected companion on the slightest warning; but the latter nodded and dozed with perfect equanimity, except as he was awakened from time to time by some unusual jolt,—for how could the dryer, whose eyes were partly closed and inversely turned toward the seat, avoid in the imperfect light the holes and ruts which make up the greater part of a country road in the spring? It would have been hard to tell which of the two men was the less impressed by the beautiful night-effects of the mountain-road, the gray floating mists, the dim light of the half-moon on the western horizon, the wayside pools obscurely reflecting its rays, the mysterious and suggestive shadows of the trees; for each was utterly blind to all such things by nature, and no culture had widened the scope of his natural vision. So they drove unconscious through the silent night, past farm-houses which seemed as unsubstantial as the "baseless fabric of a dream," till the monotonous and drowsy crow of a cock from the adjoining barn seemed to give them reality and coherence of outline, past banks of forest from the depths of which the wood-thrush was already sounding his magic flute, through hollows filled with mist-clouds, over hills from which the mist showed like the fleecy covering of a lake, till soon after daybreak they slowly climbed the last hill and halted before one of the Jigtown taverns.

Blood jumped down as fresh as if the corner of a buggy were his usual nightly resting-place, and ran briskly in, relieving the jaded driver from his vigilance. Early as it was, the working-day of Jigtown had begun. The landlord, in answer to Blood's hasty inquiry, said that no stranger had been in the town for weeks, and that Downer was in his store and meant to go to Middletown in a few moments. Henry said, "I'll be back to breakfast shortly," and went to Downer's store.

"I'm from Harbert & Froud," said he to the druggist, who was looking over a package of bills. "We got your letter yesterday, and I've come to see about your little bill. How are things?"

Downer was so staggered by the sudden appearance of a flesh-and-blood creditor in answer to a letter which seemed but just to have left his hand that it was some seconds before he could reply; "Bad enough. I haven't got the money for you, and I don't see how I can get it."

"The bill has been running a good many years with small payments, you know, and it ought to be closed up. What have you got that is free and clear?"

"What there is in this store, and not quite one hundred dollars in money."

"Does this stuff all belong to you?"

"It would if it was paid for."

"Well," said Blood, "I'll take possession. This is a copy of the attachment, and this is the original."

So saying, he handed Norman a roll of legal paper, attached to which was a copy of the unfortunate letter, the writing of which, though an act of pure integrity, constituted a legal fraud.

"Now," said the New-Yorker, "we are going to treat you perfectly fair; but we must go to the bottom of this thing. You seem disposed to be square, and we will be with you. I must have an inventory of what there is in the store, and I don't know that there is any use for an outsider. You and I can take an account of stock and a schedule of your debts and book-accounts well enough alone. Then I can tell you what we will do. It is not going to be much of a job, and we might as well begin right off."

Drawing a long, narrow book from some mysterious hiding-place in his back pocket, and a Mackinnon pen from his breast, he gave it a smart jerk, and said, "Take one shelf at a time, and begin right here."

Downer was so much bewildered by the rapidity of these operations, and awed by the decision with which the stranger gave his orders, that he moved mechanically to the place indicated, and said, in a weak voice: "Some cinnamon."

"All right," sang out the crisp voice of the New-Yorker. "Give me the number of jars, and hold them up so that I can see the stuff.—Two jars cinnamon,—say, ten cents.—What next?"

"Ipecac," said Downer, still more feebly.

"Tinct. ip.,—say, two gills; twenty five cents.—Fire ahead."

These repeated spurs roused Norman's energy, and he began to feel as if he were really "doing business."

Blood relaxed slightly his peremptory manner as he put down, "Four doz. ten oz. vials sulph. quinine." "Powers & Weightman's mark, and the seals unbroken, by all that's sour!" said he to himself. "Good as the gold. But what under the sun was he doing with so much quinine?"

Suddenly the door flew open, and Carry Bloom burst into the dingy store. Very pretty she looked, with tears in her eyes and wrath and alarm in her face. She went past Blood to where Norman stood, and clasped his arm.

"Oh, Norman," she said, "what does it all mean? I couldn't stand it a minute longer. I saw him come in fifteen minutes ago. What is it all about? What is he doing here in your store?" And she confronted Blood with a defiant expression.

Norman, who felt the moral support given by the presence of another man and the dignity of haying really failed, said gently, "We're taking an inventory. This gentleman represents Harbert & Froud." He felt that using the word "represents" almost gave him a mercantile standing

"We're going to the bottom of this thing. Don't feel bad, Carry."

"How can I help feeling bad? I've brought the money over." And she deftly inserted a small roll of bills into his waistcoat-pocket.

"No, no," said Norman, putting the money back into her hands and nervously but firmly closing them over it.

Blood looked on with conflicting emotions. He was rather afraid of women, regarding them as beings who did not respect the sacred nature of invoices and bills of lading and capable of endless argument against a point definitely settled by a trial-balance, besides being the main cause for which money was drawn out of business and failure invited. He was not insensible to the value of the money as a hard, incomprehensible asset; but since he had inventoried the quinine and glanced at the contents of the remaining shelves, a glittering vision of seventy-five cents on the dollar began to rise before his commercial imagination. The certainty of being ahead of all other creditors was soothing to at least the amount of the other twenty-five per cent. Besides, he took it for granted that the girl owed the money to the druggist, and meant to inquire into it as soon as she was out of the way. At present, having nothing to say, he wisely kept silence, and regarded Miss Blood with a blank and impassive countenance.

The young woman felt the awkwardness of the situation, and, saying, "Come over and tell me all about it as soon as you are through, won't you, Norman?" left the store.

Blood closed the door after her, and said, looking through the narrow glass, "A good, square-toed girl; handsome, too." Turning round and pointing to a trap-door: "Is that the way you go down-cellar?"

"Yes," said Norman curtly. It was not pleasant for him to hear Carry's good looks commended, as if she, too, were an article to be inventoried.

"What do you keep down there?" said Blood.

"There's nothing there now but some barrels of whiskey," answered the druggist.

"Whiskey!" said Blood, with sudden interest. He bent over and pulled up the door by a leathern thong nailed to one side. A smell of damp, musty wood, mixed with a peculiar aroma which seemed greatly to excite him, filled the room. "Why, so it is! but it is different from anything I ever smelt before. Where's your light?"

Norman brought him a dingy-chimneyed kerosene lamp. Having lighted it, the two descended a rude ladder into an oblong cavern extending under the entire store, and empty except at one end, where two rows of wooden-hoped barrels were ranged. The men were obliged to stoop down to avoid the beams of the floor overhead, which were of round timber flattened on the upper side. In some cases the bark still remained, and from nearly all cobwebs hung, white with dust and motionless.

Blood crouched down and counted them. "Twenty-eight," said he eagerly. "Are they all whiskey?"

"I believe so," replied Norman.

"Is it yours?"

"I suppose it is yours now," he replied bitterly. "Father bought it before he died, to make some bitters; that's how I came to have so much quinine. He paid for it, and it took all the money he had, and I've been in debt more or less ever since. Then he joined the temperance, and I [illegible] too, and I promised him the last [illegible] that I would never sell any [illegible] I never have."

[Continued on fourth [illegible]

Mind Mysteries.

A gentleman of this city who [illegible] taken some interest in mind-rea[illegible] hypnotism, telepathy and the [illegible] entered his office the other day, [illegible] just as he was sitting down thought [illegible] a friend whom he wanted very much [illegible] to see on a matter of business. In less than a minute in walked the very person.

"Did you just arrive?" asked the gentleman.

"Drove up to the door about half a minute ago," said the visitor.

"Must send it to the Psychical Research Society," said the gentleman explaining what had happened.

After his visitor went away he began thinking it over. Then he suddenly recalled something he had overlooked. On passing his office through another room he saw a gentleman reading a book with a peculiar binding. It reminded him of another book in similar binding he had been reading at a Summer resort the week before. This reminded him that he thought of going back there for another week of recreation and that reminded him that his friend had been down there, too, and was expecting to go back with him. Then he wondered how many similiar mysteries might be rationally explained if the connection between one's thoughts could only be re-established. —Detroit Free Press.

Talents Differ.

Chauncey M. Depew tells a good story of an old backwoodsman in his State who came to him one morning and said: "I liked that 'ere speech 'o yourn last night."

"I'm glad you did," Mr. Depew replied.

"Yes, I'd give five years of my life to be able to make such a speech as that."

"You never did anything at public speaking, then?"

"Me? Not a thing. Couldn't say 'Boo' in public, I don't s'pose. There are things I can do, though. Give me an ax, a draw-shave an' a log 'o wood an' I can make as pretty an oxyoke as there is in the State. Yes, sir, that's all I want—ax, shave an' log, an' 'bout two days' time, an' there's yer oxyoke. That's what I can do. Now I s'pose give you them things an' you couldn't do nothin' with em—less mebbe 'twas to hop on the log 'p' make a speech to the ax and the drawshave 'bout the tariff on iron."

The Typewriter in Preparing Copy.

To-day Robert Louis Stevenson uses the pen; so does Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the gifted author of "Passe Rose." The Harpers, too, are a conservative firm, and have always refused, personally, to use the typewriter. Miss Booth, when editor of Harper's Bazar, told me that she much preferred handwritten MS. To me, however, the real value of the typewriter seems to reside in the view it gives you of your work in cold blood. The ideal method of composition, if life were not too short, would be to dash off your work hastily in the first glow of enthusiasm with pencil and paper; even ink is too slow Let it cool, blue pencil it copiously, copy it on the typewriter; boil down and revise the typewritten copy and make a new fair copy from the revision. This is substantially the method employed by Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, who, however, instead of writing his first rough draft employs a stenographer.—Emily A. Thackray in New York Epoch.

A Shrewd Tramp.

People in Broadway enjoyed a joke on a man who was distributing "samples' the other day. He went into every store on his side of the street, leaving there a small piece of tobacco to be sampled. As the disburser entered one store a seedy looking man went into the one immediately behind this one, and while the man who was giving away the tobacco came forth each time with one less piece, he who followed him came out with his store increased by one of the samples. A good deal of quiet laughing was done at the expense of the agent. No doubt when the day was over the dispenser of tobacco felt satisfied that he had faithfully served his employers. There is no doubt that the tramp was content, for he had tobacco enough to last him for many days.—New York Tribune.

Butler's Book.

General Butler's forthcoming book will be one of the largest historical autoblographies ever published. It will contain one thousand large pages, printed upon high grade paper and illustrated with several hundred wood engravings. It will be published in English, German, and French. The best artists are now employed on the work. The Dickinson Type Founday is casting type especially for it. The typography and press work will be by The Barta Press of Boston, the first edition to be not less than one hundred thousand, probably double that number. The publishers are A. M. Thayer & Co., of Boston. John C. Bryant, sole agent for Delaware. 506 King St., Wilmington, Del.

She—"I wonder why the Creator made man first." He—"He was forced to do it by necessity." She—"Why, how you talk. The Creator couldn't be forced to do anything." He—"All the same He was in this case." She—"How do you make that out?" He—"Simply enough. If the woman had been created first, she wouldn't have her mind made up yet what kind of a man would suit her."

"The situation in Turkey" just now seems to be a lack of financial stuffing.—Baltimore American.

[illegible] the door-bell is [illegible] you are the only [illegible] are in the bath-

ABRAM VANDEGRIFT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents an inch for the first insertion and twenty-five cents an inch for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers.

Local Notices ten cents a line for the first insertion. Death and Marriage Notices inserted free.

Subscription Price, one dollar per annum in advance. Single copy, three cents.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1 00 A YEAR.

Thursday Afternoon, Sept 17th, 1891

BY THE Commissioners Bill it is made the duty of Constables to ascertain and report to the Clerk of the Peace all persons who are engaged in business as dealers, manufacturers or otherwise required to take out State license. The Constables objected to this additional labor formerly supposed to be performed by the Hundred Tax Collectors, but the Levy Court agreed to allow twelve cents per name, and it is reported to the Levy Court that at least eight thousand dollars will be paid for license by persons who have been doing business illegally. The burden of the Constables is paid by New Castle county, but this additional revenue goes directly to the State. Will the next Le gislation refund this money spent by New Castle county for the States benefit.

THE New York Democratic State Convention has adjourned after nominating Roswell P. Flower for Governor; William F. Sheehan, for Lieut-Governor; Frank Rice, for Secretary of State; S. W. Rosendale, for Attorney-General; Frank Campbell, for Comptroller; Martin Schenck, for State Engineer. The nominations are not the ones desired by Gov. Hill and the work of the convention shows the weakness of his hold on the Democracy of his State. Flower is the choice of the Cleveland democrats and Sheehan was not backed by Hill. The ticket meets the approval of all but the friends of Lieut-Governor Jones who hoped and worked for the nomination of their man for governor. They now threaten to nominate him as an independent candidate who will receive the votes of a few dissatisfied democrats, the workingmen and the grangers. The success of the ticket is however assured and the better element in the party is again in control.

Middletown as an Industrial Centre.

Located midway between the tide waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, upon the ridge or "back bone" of this Peninsula, this town offers advantages both natural and artificial for locating mechanical industries that are rarely equaled and certainly not excelled at any point in the six thousand square miles embraced within the State of Delaware and Eastern Shore Counties of Maryland and Virginia.

Our location is high above sea level, drainage good, healthfulness proverbial for excellence, surrounded by the finest agricultural lands producing all that enters into the requisite food for mankind. Our churches are well attended by respectful, attentive hearers; our public schools unsurpassed by any in the State for efficient teachers and most excellent executive discipline and courses of study most thorough, as is always attested by the rank of our scholars who enter so-called "classical" institutions, and the large number of teachers who have graduated at our Academy. Our railroad facilities, now good, will be improved in the near future by the construction of the spur to tide water at Odessa, and possibly the further extension of the same road westward to Warwick, Md., through which place it is thought a road will soon be built by the Baltimore & Philadelphia R. R. Co., thus making this town accessible by rail from all points.

The successful efforts of our Board of Trade in securing the attention of the influential house of Young, Smyth, Field & Co., of Philadelphia, and their subsequent determination to establish a factory here for the manufacture of shirts, under and overwear, gives the assurance of the advantages of our town over even larger places in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the Peninsula. There is no reason why a dozen or more kindred industries shall not select Middletown for their manfacturing sites and while we commend the labors of our Board of Trade and sincerely congratulate the town upon the success that has so far attended their efforts, yet let us not be content with the present, but unitedly strive to make our town an important manufacturing centre, and if we acquaint capitalists of our desire there can be "No such word as fail." Let our citizens, as they meet business men from home, speak of our town, being lighted by electricity, watered by an abundant supply of pure water, protected by a most efficient Hose, Hook and Ladder Company of "Veteran Fire Kings," who believe that "When duty calls 'tis honor to obey," and do it.

Our streets are graded, sidewalks of substantial brick and not a vacant dwelling, but capitalists ready to build as fast as demanded for newcomers, telegraph, telephone, eight mails daily (except Sunday) Twelve or more passenger trains, excellent public roads leading in every direction, a dozen stores, two national banks, building and loan association, board of trade, town commissioners ever on duty. In a word a live, energetic town that will compare favorably in convenience and advantages enumerated, with any other place for the location of hosiery, knitting, woolen and cotton, and fruit packing or preserving, crate factories, paper m[illegible] dustries to add to ou[illegible]

[illegible] be found ready [illegible] and its influence.

Colonel Vannort's Superior Gifts.

Col. William J. Vannort, the Republican candidate for Governor of Maryland, is anxious to demonstrate his superior gifts of statesmanship and to demonstrate to the farmers his ability to govern the state, and has challenged Mr. Frank Brown, his opponent, to meet him in a ploughing contest. The contest Col. Vannort desires to take place at any agricultural fair in the state between now and election day, and each statesman is to plough one acre of ground with teams to which he is not accustomed. The judges are to be practical farmers, and the warrior candidate is "willing to submit his ability as a farmer and a ploughboy to any fair-minded farmer in the state." Col. Vannort seems to have grasped accurately the idea of the duties of the Governorship, but it remains to be seen whether he has gauged the intelligence of the farmer vote with equal exactitude.

When Peaches Pay.

The New York *Sun* says: Peaches wholesale in New York as cheap as any other city in the world save, perhaps, Baltimore, but retail at higher rates than in almost in any other town within easy reach of a peach-growing region. The basket that wholesales at 40 cents on the wharf is doled out by the grocer at rates that bring it up to $5 or $6. There are from 100 to 150 peaches in a basket, and even at two for five cents this makes the retail price from $2.50 to $3.75 a basket. The cause of all this lies in the distance of most New Yorkers from local markets and the necessity entailed by cramped houses for buying supplies in small quantities.

A Tragedy at Delmar.

A terrible tragedy, in which two young men were mortally wounded, occurred Thursday night at a village camp-meeting held under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Delmar, a railroad terminus six miles south of Laurel.

A fued has existed between Frederick, a grown son of Major Williams, a prominent farmer of the county, and a young man named Harvey Wells, a notorious character, though of aristocratic parentage, for the past four years. The trouble began in 1887 when an estimable young lady of the neighborhood received a very insulting valentine. After the lady's brother had accused Williams of being the author and failed in an attempt to thrash him, Wells took a part in it and the two men were badly used up. Since then they have been deadly enemies.

Thursday night Williams, in company with several young women, including his two sisters, attended the camp-meeting, and they were talking gleefully when Wells drove up. Recognizing his enemy Wells walke l up and deliberately pushed Williams with violence against the ladies.

Williams resented the insult in strong terms, whereupon they came to blows. A deacon of the church separated them and admonished them to leave the grounds. Both contestants, without saying a word, walked to the public road nearby, where they renewed the contest with increased violence. Williams, who is a much smaller man than his burly adversary, was getting much the best of the encounter, when Walls drew a huge hooked pruning knife. With his right hand he used the weapon viciously, and at the same time in some manner he got Williams under his left arm and with a determined effort to s'ay his antagonist he slashed the other's bare neck with his ugly weapon, completely severing all the arteries and veins of the left side to the bone. He again raised the knife to complete his foul work.

In the meantime Williams had drawn his revolver and fired one shot, which took effect in Well's collar bone. Wells then realizing that he had successfully carried out his intention, made another thrust at Williams, this time cutting out his antagonist's left eye. Another bullet from Williams' pistol struck Wells immediately over the heart. The latter then started to run, but was caught by Williams who held him with his left hand and with his right hand aimed another ball for Wells' heart. The bullet, however, lodged in his own wrist.

Wells then broke and ran, pursued by Williams, who, after emptying every chamber of his revolver, shouted for his brother to get a doctor quickly. Both men were taken care of by friends and are still alive. Their condition is dangerous and they may yet die from the result of their wounds.

436 Miles in 426 Minutes.

A train on the New York Central Railroad on Monday made the run from New York to East Buffalo, a distance of 436½ miles, in 426 minutes, allowing for stops, or 439½ minutes in all. This is certainly phenomenal time—perhaps, unprecedented for the distance covered—and is a wonderful record, all things considered. But, of course, considered as a race against time it cannot touch the smashing mile record made on August 27th, on the Reading railroad, when a mile was covered by an engine and three cars in 39 4-5 seconds—a rate of over 90 miles an hour.

How it Originated.

The New York *Sun* says: "The much quoted phrase, 'The eyes of Delaware are upon you,' originated with George W. Karsner, once a prosperous peach grower in New Castle county, Del. Karsner, an ardent Republican, was called as a witness in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, and he was so impressed with his opportunity that he assured the assembled senators in dead earnest that the eyes of Delaware were upon them. Karsner rather enjoyed the notoriety which the phrase attained, and had [illegible] enough humor to realize that [illegible] of the county treated it light-

The D[illegible] Works. Tasker & Co., [illegible] Morris, Ne[illegible], Cas[illegible] Wilmington, was destroyed by fire early Saturday morning, and it was the most disastrous conflagration that town has seen for many years.

The buildings destroyed were the blacksmith shop, fine mill, bending mill, socket shot and ball grindery, entailing a loss now estimated at $200,000. The whole works occupy an area of about seven acres, and are situated on the Delaware river, a mile south of the centre of the town and a short distance east of Dobbinsville. The fact that they were running steadily and paying out good wages to a force of nearly 800 men weekly, makes them New Castle's chief industry, and a long suspension of the works would be deeply felt by everybody. Fortunately a large portion of the plant was saved, for which the New Castle fire department is deserving of all the credit.

The fire was discovered just at seven o'clock on Saturday night by some residents of Dobbinsville, who noticed a small sheet of flame issuing from the ball grindery, which adjoins the main building and under which the bending and flue mills are situated. Several men at once alarmed the watchman and the handful of people at once formed a bucket brigade and began work on the fire. In a few minutes the flames began spreading rapidly, and in a very short time the fire had reached the bending and flue mills, the flames shooting a hundred feet in the air; meanwhile the whistle sounded a vigorous alarm and the Lenape Fire Company promptly responded. In a short time three streams from the river were playing upon the flames and three more forced by the pumping engine at the works.

By 10 o'clock all that was left of the fire was smouldering ruins and the crowd of spectators dispersed and the gates leading to the works were closed. The firemen, however, remained on the scene until 8 o'clock Sunday morning, the engine being in service for a good portion of the night. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

The mills destroyed are the most important part of the works and the whole plant is temporarily crippled. The bending and flue mills is practically the starting point. All the pipes and tubes are made here and the other departments put the finishing touches on the manufactured material. Fortunately most of the machinery, which is of the latest improved pattern and valued at several thousand dollars, is underground and slightly damaged. The large furnaces are badly wrecked, but some of them will stand repair. The fire could not have happened at a worse time. The works were just commencing on their fall trade, which was very promising. The burned buildings are fully insured. The exact amount, however, could not be ascertained.

The Delaware Iron Works are operated by Morris, Tasker & Company of Philadelphia. They were erected in 1873 and cost a million dollars. Since then it is estimated that over $500,000 worth of improvements have been made. The machinery in the cutting shop alone is valued at $300,000. The plant is the largest of its kind in this section of the country, and the materials manufactured are wrought iron, water and gas pipe, boiler tubes and fittings. Their goods have a national reputation and shipments are frequently made to foreign countries.

As soon as the insurance agents have viewed the ruins, the work of rebuilding the destroyed mills will begin.

General News.

Secretary Tracy explained that six war vessels, the Lancaster, Alliance, Alert, Monocacy, Marion and Polos were in Chinese waters ready to protect American citizens against anti-foreign outbursts.

Two Liverpool lads named Crawford and Shearon and but eight years of age, were arrested for and confessed the deliberate murder of a companion of their own age. They took the boy's clothes and pawned them.

The floods have been general in the south of Spain. The damage done is terrible in its extent. Several railroad trains have been derailed and railroad tracks and roads are everywhere washed away. Crops have been ruined and famine follows the flood.

Charles Howard, who was arrested at Whiting, Ind., on suspicion of attempted train wrecking on the Pittsburg & Fort Wayne road, made a full confession to the police. He stated that he and his companions had intended to rob the express cars, but had no desire to injure the passengers. He could not restrain his joy at seeing the train stop without injury, and it was owing to his forgetfulness that his arrest was effected.

What It Does.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

1. Purifies the blood.
2. Creates an appetite.
3. Strengthens the nerves.
4. Makes the weak strong.
5. Overcomes that tired feeling.
6. Cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc.
7. Invigorates the kidneys and liver.
8. Relieves headache, indigestion, dyspepsia.

IT IS said by gentlemen who known that the Clerk of the Peace of this county will pay out to the State Treasurer this fall at least sixty thousand dollars. Of course Sussex and Kent counties will do as well proportionally, and our genial State Treasurer will soon have to enlarge his "tin box" with a "man-sore-head," roof of American tin, if he can secure such in quantity sufficient.

The London and Northwestern Railroad has an express engine, built in 1882, which has completed its millionth mile, a feat which the company claims is without parallel in the annals of railroad traveling. The engine has never sustained a breakdown. It runs daily from Manchester to London and back, and is named the Charles Dickens.

Townsend Topics.

— Wm. is the owner of a happy Russell colt, three days old.

— Mr. Willie Hutchison returned to college Tuesday morning.

— Mr. George Deakyne paid us a short visit on Saturday.

— David Stevenson of Wilmington, is visiting friends in and near town.

— Mr. George Shew of Milford, Del., was the guest of W. W. Shockley Friday and Saturday of last week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Reynolds were in Wilmington Thursday and Friday, visiting friends and attending the fair.

— Messrs. Geo. M. D. Hart and D. B. Maloney who have been sick for a few days, are able to be on our streets again.

— Mrs. William Barnett and her niece, Miss Mable Taylor of Middletown, were entertained by Mrs. W. A. Scott on Sunday.

— Ground has been broken for the new parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher hope to be housed in their new home by January, 1892.

— Miss Mamie Schwatka returned to her home in Wilmington on Monday, after a ten week's visit to friends in town.

— The temperance lecture delivered by Rev. Alfred Smith in the church last Friday night was well attended and very much appreciated by all present.

— Miss Della Shockley returned home Friday evening from Lincoln, Del., where she has been visiting her brother, L. B. Shockley, for several weeks.

— Mr. and Mrs. John Lattomus drove to Still Pond, Md., Saturday afternoon and were entertained by Mrs. Lattomus' sister, returning home Monday eve.

— Mr. Walter Finley returned home last week from Buffalo, N. Y., where he has been for several weeks, looking after the peaches shipped to Buffalo from this station.

— Mr. John Faulkner who has a position in Wilmington, spent Sunday at his home on Commerce street. Mr. Faulkner's family recently moved to Townsend from Wilmington.

— The public schools opened Monday morning with a good attendance. There are 27 scholars in Prof. Outen's room and in the primary department there are over 50 scholars enrolled. In a few weeks the school will be divided into three rooms. Prof. Outen will go to room No. 1; Prof. Simpson to room No. 2, and Miss Lizzie Disch of Leipsic, will have room No. 3.

— Report No. 2, from the dude:—Husband, who staid home from church to keep the baby—Where was Brother Smith's text? Wife—Don't remember; I was looking at Sister B.'s new fall bonnet.—Two young ladies in the country, visiting, had callers before breakfast.—Dave was left if he did drive two horses—Odessa held the winning team, i e and K, i e too.—Not dead but sweetly sleeping.—A clerk after seven Saturday morning.—Cora was in town last week.—Foreman of THE TRANSCRIPT was in town on business Tuesday.—The dude would like to ride on the electric cars from Middletown to Odessa.—But papa says I musn't; the merry-go-round is coming, and the dude will want to take a ride.—But mamma says I musn't; the young man that cannot drive a double team had better not stop this side of Bar-lo'ws Bridge.—J. B. S. is sick.

ROCK.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland has been so little disturbed by immigration that the region numbers comparatively few surnames, so that at various times it has been necessary to resort to odd but very ancient devices to distinguish between men bearing the same name. The commonest device is the patronymic, by which of two men bearing exactly the same Christian and family names, one is distinguished from the other by the addition "of William," "of Thomas," or "of John," as the case may be, the meaning of the phrase being "son of William, Thomas, or John." Another device once commonly employed was to couple with the name an adjective to indicate some physical peculiarity, as "long" to indicate a tall man, "black" to indicate a dark man, or "red" to indicate a ruddy man. Occasionally the distinguishing word is uncomplimentary. "Devil" is not an unusual prefix to the Christian or surname of a man having a reputation for vice or recklessness. A man bearing one of the best-known names in Maryland carried to his grave this prefix.—New York Sun.

Catarrh Can't be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to takeinternal remedies. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

The Greensborough *Free Press* speaks thus caustically of the Easton Fair: The late fair at Idlewood Park, Talbot county, is very generally commented upon as the most disgracefnl affair ever palmed upon the moral and well behaved people of the Eastern Shore. It has been variously dubbed "a farce," "a den of thieves," "a gambling hell" and we have yet to hear a word of favorable comment. One exchange, after severe criticisms, says: "If the Talbot County Fair Association cannot maintain its existence without resorting to these low and degrading means of gambling in its worst form, it had better disband and go out of existence than to be the instrument of demoralizing the young and rising generation of its neighborhood." It is greatly to be regretted that mis-management has so early prostituted a child of such fair promise.

Fatal Shooting.

Harry, the 6-years-old son of Ollie Price, a well-known confectioner of North East, was fatally shot at 7 o'clock Sunday morning, by a revolver in the hands of his cousin, Percy Carr, 16 years of age. The boys had just risen from bed and were dressing, when Carr produced his 38-calibre revolver and began handling it, when it was discharged. The ball struck Price, who was within five feet of his cousin, in the back of the head, near the right ear, and he remained unconscious from the time he was shot until he died, 2.40 P. M.

Markets for the Week.

Friday, September 11.—Wheat—receipts, 131,614 bushels; shipments, 3,152 bushels; stock, 1,040,150 bushels. Sales—2,000 bushels steamer No. 2 red at 94½ cents; 10,000 bushels No. 2 red at 99 cents; No. 2 Pennsylvania red at $1.01. Corn—receipts, 8,400 bushels; shipments, 4,736 bushels; stock, 72,095 bushels. Oats—37 to 38½ cents.

Saturday, September 12.—Wheat—receipts, 46,242 bushels; shipments, 123,096 bushels; stock, 963,305 bushels. Sales—10,000 bushels No. 2 red at $1.00; 5,000 bushels No. 2 red at $1.01½; 10,000 bushels No. 2 red for September at $1.01. Corn—receipts, 7,764 bushels; shipments, 12,358 bushels; stock, 67,441 bushels. Sales—600 bushels ungraded high mixed at 72½ cents; 600 bushels yellow at 73 cents. Oats—sales, 37 to 38½ cents.

Monday, September 14.—Exchange closed.

Tuesday, September 15.—Wheat—receipts, 104,568 bushels; shipments, 117,559 bushels; stock, 950,315 bushels. Sales—2,500 bushels steamer No. 2 red at 96½ cents; 20,000 bushels No. 2 red at $1.01; No. 2 Pennsylvania red quoted at $1.03. Corn—receipts, 19,784 bushels; shipments, 16,091 bushels; stock, 71,134 bushels. Sales—2,400 bushels ungraded mixed on track at 71 cents; 1,200 bushels No. 3 yellow at 71½. Oats—sales, 34 to 38 cents.

Wednesday, September 16.—Wheat—receipts, 71,992 bushels; shipments, 1,755 bushels; stock, 1,020,552 bushels. Sales—3,000 rejected at 80 and 85 cents; 1,000 bushels No. 2 red for milling at $1.04; 1,000 bushels No. 2 Pennsylvania red at $1.04½; 5,000 bushels No. 2 red at $1.02½. Corn—receipts, 8,529 bushels; shipments, 17,469 bushels; stock, 62,194. Sales—600 bushels mixed at 71½ cents; 1,200 bushels No. 2 yellow at 72½ cents; 3,000 bushels No. 2 high mixed at 72 cents. Oats—sales, 36 to 39 cents.

Thursday, September 17.—Wheat—receipts, 91,696 bushels; shipments, 232,953 bushels; stock, 876,296 bushels. Sales—1,000 bushels steamer No. 2 red at 96½ cents; 15,000 bushels No. 2 red at $1.01. Corn—receipts, 16,474 bushels; shipments, 4,777 bushels; stock, 73,891 bushels. Sales—1,200 bushels ungraded mixed at 78½ cents; 2,000 No. 2 high mixed at 71½ cents. Oats—sales, 36 to 38 cents.

The shipments of wheat to Europe have amounted, within a short time, to 107,000,000 bushels and the demand has practically ceased from that quarter. The war scare of the last few days caused a slight re-action in favor of higher prices, but when it was shown that there was no reason for immediate hostilities prices again declined. The visible supply increased this week by more than 2,000,000 bushels. There is slight ground for the hope of a general rise in prices in the near future. The supply in Europe is sufficient for the present, but the deficiency in European crops of all kinds will necessitate the shipment of much of our surplus to the other side.

What steam is to the engine, Hood's Sarsaparilla is to the body, producing bodily power and furnishing mental force.

"Atlas" and "Wadsworth" Paints are th best; therefore, the cheapest.
G. E. HUKILL

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY JOHN W. JOLLS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red	92	New cob Corn	—
Steamer No. 2,	90	CORN	65c
Timothy Seed	2[illegible]	Yellow, shelled,	@65c
Clover Seed, per lb	9½	Oats,	@55c

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS & CO.

Eggs, ₱ doz	16@18
Butter, ₱ lb	20@25
Lard, ₱ lb	9@10
Potatoes ₱ basket	25@30
Chickens ₱ lb	13@16

Miscellaneous Adv's.

That Tired Feeling

Is a dangerous condition due directly to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. It is remarkable how beneficial Hood's Sarsaparilla is in this enervating state.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Possessing just those elements which the system needs and readily seizes, this medicine purifies the blood, and imparts a feeling of serene strength which is comforting and satisfying. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for that weakness which prevails at change of season, climate or life.

"I have been convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I say this for the benefit of all other tired out, run down, hard-working women. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not only excellent as a blood purifier, but for all other female complaints, even if of long standing." MRS. M. A. SCARLETT, Northville P. O., Mich.

Makes the Weak Strong

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, September 14th, 1891.

This fourteenth day of September, 1891, begins a series of daily store events which will concern and interest the whole community. The last half of September will be a trade *Epoch*—a natural outgrowth of this store and its methods.

Ancient and modern trade ways had a long conflict in this community, but now emancipation has come, the new trade laws are known, argument so long needed is not required. Ours to show results—effects. We do this *every* day, but to-day begins a larger testimony, a greater showing.

Our modern methods compel you to read our daily news. There are no precedents. The electric shocks of trade are so numerous that you know not where the next will strike, what variety or bargain will appear, what long-felt want satisfied, what taste gratified, what economy achieved.

General Events:

Our globe-trotters are all back—but the resident Paris organization of course remains, the contingent of observation. The buying period, the collecting time is over, the store is full, fuller than ever with freight of rich argosies safely landed, and subject to our command.

The world of merchandise is here. Brought here to amuse you, interest you—to sell, but not to give away. You shall have everything at the least possible market price—that's the contract with the public and we'll live up to it. Don't forget that when you look over the many things that await you.

Special Events:

The exceptions of the Merchandise World are here. The things that have gotten out of the usual channels and are rich with money-saving chances.

How many they are and will be you may guess from what the year has already brought.

Store Calender:

To-day, Monday, 14th inst., Dress Goods Exhibition.

Bargain Offerings in Shoes, Laces, Ladies' Neck Ties, Aprons, Chairs, Books and Crockery.

To-morrow, Tuesday, 15th inst., Opening of Picture Gallery.

Next week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 22d to 24th inst., Millinery Reception.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous Adv's.

The Best for the Least Money. Fall Wear Fully Ready Suits from $10 upward, Style, Quality, Economy.

JACOB REEDS' SONS

918, 920, 922

CHESTNUT STREET.

MR. NATHAN PEACOCK is still with the above named firm, and solicits a share of your patronage.

JEFFERSON B. FOARD,

Commission Merchant,

Grain, Fruit and Implements,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

WE HAVE REMOVED to the office of Alexander Maxwell, on Railroad Avenue and beg to inform our friends and patrons that we will continue the business at the new stand lately conducted at the office on Main St. A full line of Agricultural Implements and Machinery constantly on hand.

Oliver Chilled Plows and Castings,
Auburn Farm Wagons,
The Pennsylvania Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill.

Highest Cash Price Paid for Grain.

Buy the Pennsylvania Drill. The only positive Force Feed Phosphate Drill made. Sold by

Jefferson B. Foard,
By R. J. FOARD, Attorney

Save Your Table Covers and buy a Lap Duster!

$150.00 stock to be closed below cost.

JOB LOT OF HARNESS,

Single strap or double and stitched. Double Harness with breast collars, or collars and hames; good stock, but low prices.

Our Hand-Made Harness need no advertising; they sell without it. Boots, toe weights, coolers, sweats, scrapers, anything you want at

WM R. REYNOLDS,
SOUTH BROAD ST., MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

W. H. MOORE AND CO.

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS.

We have in stock a beautiful selection of Summer Dress Stuffs; also Spring Woolens, which we are offering at low prices. Challis, Zephyr Cloth, Ginghams, Nuns Veiling, Cashmeres, Henriettas, Mohairs, Silks, &c.

CLOTHING.

We would especially call your attention to our large stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing. We have the stock, the styles and the prices.

CARPETS AND MATTINGS.

LADIES' COATS.

We have a very pretty assortment of Ladies' Coats, in plain and fancy stripes from $1.25 and upwards.

HATS AND CAPS.

Our shoe department is full of all the seasonable goods, such as slippers, ties, turns, etc., for ladies and children, and heavy and fine shoes for men and boys.

Full line of Groceries.

W. H. MOORE & CO

MIDDLETOWN DEL.

BOYER AND CO., PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

IMPORTING TAILORS,

CLOTHIERS,

WARRANTED. 824 WALNUT STREET.

All-Wool Suits to your Measure, $15 to 45.
All-Wool Overcoats $15 to $50.
All-Wool Storm Coats to order, $15 to $35.

MR. S. W. BOYER would greatly appreciate a call from you. The manufacturing is all done in the building and he will be responsible for all promises.

FINE FOOTWEAR. NEAT, STYLISH, FITTING.

We now have a larger assortment than ever. Men's Fine Calf Shoes in all styles Our Ladies' Shoes are popular on account of fitting so well and being so easy on the feet.

BOOTS. BOOTS.

Our Boots wore you so well last season that you will all want another pair this season. Bottom prices here.

Cor. Main and Broad Streets. EDWIN PRETTYMAN, Middletown, Delaware.

FACTS

— THAT MAKE —

Sales Lively With Us.

If you want to wear the Leading Styles for the present season, give us an early call, and see our line of

150 Styles of Piece Goods

From which we have Ready Made

CLOTHING

and to order at following prices: We are the leaders; our styles are the best; prices lower than any house in the city.

HOMESPUN SUITS—of which we have a great variety of styles to order in suits, - $14 to $20.

CHEVIOTS—all colors, to order. $14 to $18.

WORSTED SUITINGS—A large variety of designs, - - $18 to $25.

The celebrated ROCK and BRISTOLS WORSTED finest goods in the market, from - $20 to $35.

CORKSCREWS, DIAGONALS, BASKETS and Figured Worsted Coatings, to order for Coat and Vest, - - - - - $20 to $25.

PANTALOONS from $3 to $7; very fine worsted materials, best designs, to order, from - $9 to $12.

Remember, by buying your goods from us you get your clothing 20 to 25 per cent. lower than any good reliable house in Philadelphia, as we buy for cash from first hands, and save the middlemen's profit, of which we give you the advantage.

Garitee, Masten & Allen,

Clothiers and Merchant Tailors,

518 Market St., Philadelphia.

W. A. COMEGYS,

AGENT FOR THE PURCHASE OF

GRAIN AND FRUIT!

— ALSO, FOR THE SALE OF —

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT.

Stover Manf. Co.'s WINDMILLS,

WANTED:

100,000 BUS. OF NEW WHEAT,

FOR E. L. ROGERS & CO.
PHILADELPHIA.

Reference—CASH ON DELIVERY

W. A. COMEGYS,

may14 tf MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

A Messenger and Freight Business

— BETWEEN —

Middletown and Philadelphia,

Will hereafter be carried on by the subscriber.

MESSAGES OR PACKAGES CAREFULLY DELIVERED AT EACH END OF THE LINE.

ALFRED STEVENS.

Orders left at Wilson's cigar store will receive prompt attention. apr1

For Sale.

A BRICK DWELLING AND STORE attached, situated on the corner of Main and Scott streets. Location most desirable. The property is in first-class order and will be sold on reasonable terms, as the undersigned expects to leave the State.

m12 tf Apply to D. L. DUNNING.